

127
Vol. 12. Edition

V I A T O R,

A

P O E M:

O R,

A Journey from London to Scarborough,

By the Way of York.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS and SIXPENCE]

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P O E M:

O R,

A Journey from London to Scarborough,

By the Way of York.

With NOTES HISTORICAL and TOPOGRAPHICAL.

—— SINE ME LIBER IBIS IN ORBEM.

“Some livelier Plaything gave his Youth Delight,
“Now something thoughtful, but as empty quite;
“Pleas’d with *this* Bauble as with *that* before,”
He toyful trims his Feather at threescore;
Till tir’d he sleeps in lasting Durance bound,
A Maſs congenial with the humid Ground.

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MDCCLXXXII.

M O T K I J

M J O W



To Sir GEORGE SAVILE, Bart.

S I R,

AS no name steps forward to acknowledge this Address, it is the more likely to be actuated by the purest considerations.—Flattery, Sir, the food of superficial men, will ever stand in awe of your frown; greatly informed, assiduous in your senatorial and amiable in your private capacity, permit me the honor of this voluntary selection, only to express my wishes, in common with the multitude, for the continuance of that life, which, through a well-regulated rather than a strong constitution, hath hitherto been so happily preserved for the emolument of the public.

With these thoughts and the warmest gratitude, I remain,

S I R,

Your most devoted Servant,

Westminster, June 1, }
1782.

The AUTHOR.

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

IT is possible that, in the following piece, some amusements may occur to conduct the Reader to enquiries more relative to his own ideas, than what the journey expresses.

It may also serve as a breeze to ventilate, for a moment, the gloom of mind, that may occasionally arise in fictitious or positive situations ; at least it will operate like the plant called the Travellers Joy, which is said not to grow but near a house, to indicate that refreshment is not distant, and thereby contribute to beguile the tediousness or fancied evils of the road.

Horace has familiarly descended to give us a poetical Journey to Brundisium ; Mr. Gay, from London to Exeter ; and a Goldsmith, a Tour on a more amplified plan, the delectable prospect of many European Nations. However this attempt may fall short in merit, (*parva componere magnis*) we hope the versive deficiencies may be supplied, in some degree, by the narrative notes, and the Writer's intention of appropriating the gains, if any, to some laudable purpose ; for which end suitable directions will be given to the Publishers.

Should a page give pleasure even in the hour of literary dalliance, a point would be obtained ; for life
without

INTRODUCTION.

without smiles, is like the year without sunshine. With this suggestion, and that the Bagatelle will not be productive of pain or immorality, he resigns the work to its fate.

V I A T O R:

O R,

A POETICAL PROSPECT of the ROAD

F R O M

L O N D O N to S C A R B O R O U G H.

TIR'D with the Town and all its noisy sway,
With eager haste I mark the Northern Way;
Leave Pomp and Vanity, Fatigue and Care,
For sweet Tranquillity with rural fare.

First then regal'd by * Stukeley's Druid-air,
To way-worn Highgate slowly we repair;

Kentish-
Town.

B

Where

* Dr. Stukeley was a person well versed in Antiquities and Druidism, had a lodge for studious retirement in Kentish-Town, and over his door was fixed the inscription of *Cbyndonax Druida*, a name he was fond of assuming, from an urn so inscribed, found in France in the last century, whose genuineness was questioned by Montfaucon, but asserted by the Doctor in his *Aubury*, p. 49.

Le

Where City-Crowds, on Sunday's scenes intent,
Rest their sole bliss on casual event.

Highgate.

Tobacco, Politics, or Ale, their theme,
Like vulgar drivers of a vulgar team;
Where base or mimic oaths alike parade,
At the Spread-Horns, the Tapster's fruitful trade *.

Now

Le Reveil de Chyndonax was a quarto book, printed on the same subject, before it was so well understood as at present.

This eminent man was born at Holbeach in Lincolnshire, November 7, 1687, practised as Physician, first at Boston in the same County, then at Stamford, and, in 1717, removed to London, under the patronage of Dr. Mead.

He wrote an ingenious but fanciful treatise, upon the virtues of Rogers's oil for the gout, externally applied; a remedy which had its day, probably thro' his recommendation, but, like most other nostrums, expired with its author, who was likewise a medical inhabitant of Stamford, and a Podagric.

Dr. Stukeley changed the medical for the clerical line, and became Rector of St. George, Queen-Square, upon the presentation of the late Duke of Montague, of humane memory, 1747. The Rector died of a paralytic attack, 1765, in his 78th year.

This indefatigable antiquary was a member of Bennet College, Cambridge. See his Article in Master's history of that seminary, Supplement to Biograph. Brit. p. 81. Note and introduction to Archæologia, vol. I. He was a great admirer of the greater Newton, of whom he has given us some early biographical materials. His works were, *Itinerarium Curiosum*, 2 vol. fol. 1724; *Stone-Henge and Aubury*, 2 vol. 1740; and a few fugitive occasional pieces.

* The allusion is to a custom, now deservedly in decline, which has obtained a place among the lowest order of travellers, of swearing upon horns those who pass from the country, and have not seen London, to cer-
tain

Now passing o'er long Finchley's dreaded plain,
We toiling Barnet's distant summit gain,
Where the smart Hostess, bred near Devon's ray,
Reflects her borrow'd charms, and tunes my lay *.
There sculptur'd Art of martial prowess treats †,
In lines historic of fierce Warwick's Feats.

Barnet.

Hence on we move by Enfield's sylvan Chace,
And passive catch its gay improving face.
Proceed, with willing Toil, ye Sons of Taste,
While laughing *Ceres* decks the cultur'd waste.

Enfield-Chace

Here the pale Virgin or the sick'ning Youth,
May Health repair, if flying Fame speaks truth.
But much I doubt the Lymph's salubrious power ‡,
The sportive tale of some empiric hour.

Galley Corner

B 2

Fly

tain ridiculous observations, such as not eating brown bread, when they can get white; not drinking small when they can get strong beer; and other articles too plebeian for farther notice.

* The Hostess at the lower Red-Lion was an attendant on the Duchess of Devonshire, and in her present situation contributes greatly with her partner, (a German) to add pleasure to her good fare and accommodations.

† Alluding to a pillar that was erected, 1740, in memory of the famous battle that was fought there between Edward IV. and Neville Earl of Warwick, April 14, 1471, in which combat the Earl was defeated and slain. The conquest was the establishment of Edward upon the throne, and the murder of Henry VI. of the line of Lancaster, and his son.

‡ This spring, whose waters are received in a stone basin, is close by the

Hatfield.

Fly swift, my wheels, thro' Hatfield's saucy air,
 Nor let the Host an aiding penny share *.
Unchequer'd then may prove the promis'd day,
 Peaceful my night, and unprovok'd my lay;
 No dull Impertinence the ear assail,
 And winning Manners in exchange prevail.

Satyr I hate, no Satyr stains my page,
 Save when the Tyrant frowns, or Bigots rage.
 Save too the Coxcomb pert of spumy race,
 In whom we bloated Folly ever trace.
 Those wou'd I start, such shou'd my pen descry,
 As lawful game to scourge in effigy.

But if thou want'st a Cecil's dome to view,
 And in the heart Eliza's days renew,

Give

the road side, near the turnpike, at a place called Galley Corner, between Barnet and Hatfield. We alighted to taste the waters. They were unpleasantly sulphureous, nor could our palates distinguish any salts to make them active. The following Latin distich, with its moderate translation, is bestowed upon them.

Lympha salutis, amana perenni deflue rivo.

Flumine perpetuo vasa repleta cadant.

Parent of health, for ever flow the same,

This unexhausted vase convey the stream.

* A landlord in this town, by very uncivil treatment to his guests, in March, 1774, brought upon himself some immediate censure from the Muse, which is now suppressed. As he has departed this world of strife, rest to his *Manes!* and health to the house, by whomsoever inhabited.

Give animation to the torpid mind,
And leave thy lagging spirits far behind.
Then rise and trace the glories of an age,
That shines effulgent in historic page,
Where Truth assumes the garb that Fiction wears,
Or Fable realis'd, in state appears †.

Peace to my Soul, let Pleasure strew the way,
As we thro' curving roads enchanted stray.

† Such were the surrounding dangers and wise conduct of this reign, that belief almost staggers at the perusal of its history : Such likewise was the brilliant period at the close of George the Second ; and how great the perilous situation and honours of the little territory of Prussia, whose monarch, in our days, repelled the combined forces of France, Germany, Sweden, and Russia ?

Hatfield House in Hertfordshire (antiently Härtfield, or a park for deer) was a royal palace, whence Edward the Sixth and Queen Elizabeth were conducted to the throne. It was exchanged about the year 1607, by King James the First, for Theobalds in the same county, on the Ware road, with Sir Robert Cecil, jun. Son of Lord Treasurer Burleigh, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, who erected the present on the ruins of the old mansion.—Style in Architecture is, in some degree, chronological : This house bespeaks its birth near the days of Elizabeth, or early in James's reign, had its history not been sufficiently known. It was of late much neglected, but is now attended to by the present Earl, with all the fostering care that so noble a place deserves.

The prosperity of Elizabeth's reign, which was long and brilliant, may be in part ascribed to the ancestor of this Nobleman, her confidential friend, whence the Earl of Exeter also descends.

The motto of William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, (Lord High Treasurer) created a Peer in 1570, was, *Cor unum, via una*, to which his actions corresponded.

Lemford. Nor can the Muse forget a Melburne's charms,
 Whose ev'ry look the Hermit's bosom warms;
 Where Lemford's rural Scenes in youth appear,
 The lively emblem of the fairest Fair.

Welling. Thy shades, O † Welling! for they never tire,
 Deep from my soul, I cease not to admire.
 There, there sleeps *Young*, whose well-spread mental feast
 Drains the wise lore, and maxims of the East.
 He lives! perennial lives! with awe attend!
 Drink at his fount, and be to all a Friend.

Baldock. Mute is the Muse at Stev'nage' tardy name,
 So wings to Baldock of more classic fame.
 Baldock the feat of Song, where artful Skill
 Refin'd its notes—to sing of Patty's Mill *.

Nor

† The country about Welling is exquisitely beautiful, and if Hertfordshire hath any claim to the common character given it, of being the garden of England, this district seems to be the garden of that county. The exuberant vegetation and woody scenes which adorn this beloved spot, are too well known to be particularised. Had it rock and a greater plenty of water, it might vie in landships with the most celebrated scenes.

* We insert the song, to amuse in place, ascribed to Mr. Gay, of which the 3d and 4th stanza constitute its merit.—He frequently passed this road to visit the Duke of Queensberry in Scotland.

Who has e'er been at Baldock must needs know the mill,
 At the sign of the Horse, at the foot of the hill;
 Where the grave and the gay, the clown and the beau,
 Without all distinction promiscuously go.

Where the grave, &c.

This

OR, A POETICAL PROSPECT, &c. II

Nor less is Lydia of the present day,
Than *She* the sportive theme of honest *Gay*:
Attest, sweet Truth, how Lydia's merits shine,
Where casual late we cheerful stopt to dine.

Now chalky heights the Driver's care employ,
While Alps of Commerce, straining, pass your eye.
Nor then let Caution sleep, lest dire Mishap,
From the dread wheels, thy life or safety sap *.

Thy

This man of the mill has a daughter so fair,
With so pleasing a shape, and so winning an air,
That once on the ever-green bank as I stood,
I'd sworn she was Venus just sprung from the flood.
That once, &c.

But looking again I perceiv'd my mistake,
For Venus, tho' fair, has the looks of a rake;
While nothing but virtue and modesty fill
The more beautiful looks of the lass of the mill.
While nothing, &c.

Prometheus stole fire as the Poets all say,
To enliven that mass which he modell'd of clay;
Had Polly been with him, the beams of her eyes
Had sav'd him the trouble of robbing the skies.
Had Polly, &c.

Since first I beheld the dear lass of the mill,
I can never be quiet; but do what I will,
All day and all night, I sigh and think still
I shall die, if I have not the lass of the mill.
All day, &c.

* Though inconvenience, and sometimes danger, attend passing these
broad-

Biggleswade.

Thy Road, my Biggleswade, deserving draws
 From the pleas'd Traveller his just applause;
 Nor less the lucid Stream that laves thy side,
 Deck'd in the flowing pomp of reedy pride.
 Whether for gain, or in the finny line,
 For on thy Eels, good Gods, how we did dine!
 Alike the merits of thy placid Flood,
 To near and distant wants dispensing good †.

Sandby.

Onward we stretch, and let us not abridge
 Voluptuous Sandby's ever-charming Ridge ‡;
 Alike the Seat of Exercise and Gain,
 A rural mount amidst the fleecy plain.
 There cou'd I stray remote from vexing Strife,
 And leave behind each fordid Care of Life.

broad-wheel'd waggons, or any other sort, yet it must give a reflecting mind much secret pleasure to behold such numerous proofs of trade as frequent the north roads, by which means, benefits are diffused at home, and comforts carried to all nations.

† This navigation of the river communicates with the adjacent counties, and terminates at Lynn.

‡ The hill at Sandby, antiently Salena, though relatively small, is a proof how much mountains, or even hills, a diminutive appellation, contribute to the beauty of a country.—The dead flat of the several counties you pass through from Barnet, northward, especially in the southern districts, make every swelling of the land agreeable: nor does this little spot ever fail to cheer me, from the consideration of its variety, and that eminences give rise to springs, the necessary solace of thirsty herds and flocks.

To

To airy Eaton with extended Green,
 Concenter'd Plenty and her buxom Mein,
 We gladly hie; peruse the Larder's crop,
 There quaff our Nectar, and salute a Chop.
 While Jack, by Hunger urg'd, invades the Cook,
 Who, in return, obliquely leers a look;
 And Betty's smiles their genial influence shed,
 Till Eyes express the Language of the Bed:
 Previous to which, our talk unfolds the day,
 The doubtful Sky, the rough or smoother Way;
 Each passing Anecdote of lighter kind,
 To chace the fable Fates that croud the Mind.
 But still if obstinate the Fates behave,
 And Forms capricious yet their empire brave,
 We call Philosophy to Virtue's aid,
 Or the calm counsel of the heavenly Maid.

Eaton.

Attraction leads to Bugden's cleric scene*,
 To spend a social hour with Major Gr—n.

Bugden.

C

Why

* The old mansion of the Bishop of Lincoln is here. The situation induces the beholder to inquire the reason of its being placed neither in the metropolis, nor in the vicinity of Lincoln. But as the diocese of Lincoln was formerly of much greater extent than at present, it is presumable that a regard was paid to its being built as central to the jurisdiction as circumstances would allow.

In this church-yard I recollect seeing, years ago, a whimsical grave-stone for an amputated leg, with the figure of the limb upon it, with a view, we presume, that the body might be united at last.—Surely the
 party

Why need I name Myrtilla's winning ease,
 Or Flora fair with ev'ry power to please.
 Forgetting Time, we seize the friendly Cap,
 And softly sink into Oblivion's lap.
 When morning starts we urge our destin'd flight,
 'Till cheefy Stilton strikes our aiming fight.

Stilton.

Poor is the triumph, mean the mighty boast,
 Of feats equestrian in the Stilton host.
 Low sink the folly in our humble court,
 Ere we opine it either fame or sport ‡.
 To * streams compressed, or harvest from the cow,
 We merit give, and just applause allow.
 By arts like these the hungry desert smiles,
 While chearing gains reward the peasant's toils.
 On this firm base shall rural guardians rear,
 Sustaining columns through the varying year.

party must have had strong self-attachments thus to recognize what gave him so much pain, and withal endangered life; as well as narrow ideas of omnipotence, or the mode of resurrection, to conceive that a vicinity of parts in the grave was necessary to the purpose of returning existence.

‡ The story of the Stilton hero is in late memory and well known; but the writer has no conception that a liberal mind can strain the generous steed to run against Time, even to the extremity of life. He ever looks upon such bets as the result of intemperance and the dregs of ebriety.—The emulation of brute against brute seems to have a different cast, as it may convey amusement and dexterity, and be more humanely enjoyed.

* Stilton is popular for its cheese.

Near

Near Wansford's famous Stream, nathless the name, Wansford.
 A || Swimmer liv'd, of endless-quoted fame.
 Whilst in the world of shade he took a peep,
 His Float a Haycock, and his Pilot, Sleep;
 Sudden the sky let fall her liquid store,
 While through the bridge the flood its cargo bore.
 The Loon, with stupid gaze, now opes his eyes,
 And, with a voice intent, "where am I?" cries.
 "Pray, Sir, (the objects chang'd) pray, on what ground
 "Have I through perils, thus a refuge found?"
 "*Wansford*," replies aloud, a passing friend:
 "Not Wansford, sure, adds he, at our bridge-end!
 "No other spot on foreign shores, I grant,
 "Wansford in England is the place I want."

Onward we glide to Stamford's steeped town, }
 Stamford.
 Eye Burley's stately Pile of high renown,
 Where Taste displays the happy hand of Brown. }
 There woods arise—there fearless sports the hare,
 In signs expressive of the owner's care.
 Stamford ‡ no charm contains, no praise I owe
 Her winding streets, with dreary face of woe.

|| This story is known to all who travel the northern road, and the painter has contributed to perpetuate the improbable event. It makes a good sign, and leads the traveller to a civil house, however much the relation may fail in the inquiry.

‡ Except about the Earl of Exeter's house and its environs, the country here, to me, always appeared naked and forlorn.

Nor is the Country more the theme of song,
Which wanting joys—the rolling hours prolong.

Colsterworth.

To Colst'fworth's v'ille, eclips'd by splendid fame
Of Woolstrobe's * small, but all-reviving name,
We bend our course,——
Where rose that Sun, whose strong meridian ray
To worlds in darkness gave eternal day.
Immortal man! but now a flood of light,
Effulging potent bars pursuing fight.
The dome may sink, not so the tenant past,
Whose finish'd fame remotest times will last ‖.

Shoud'st thou e'er want fierce Hunger to appease,
Or inns superb thy tasteful fancy please;

* Sir Isaac Newton's native village.

‖ As the matter which now presses upon our mind in this place will swell a note beyond its due proportion, we shall beg leave to defer its insertion to the end.

Dr. Stukeley has pronounced the country between Colsterworth and Grantham one of the finest rides in England, but behold the power of prejudice and provincial bias even in good men; for candour must confess, that it is far from deserving that character. I remember it in the state he describes, with the Common undivided, and the serpyllum, or wild time, of which the Doctor boasted, that the Down produced; but I ever thought it a barren treeless country, saving a small agreeable spot of verdure and wood at and near Ponton.——The Doctor must certainly have been in the best of tempers when the description dropped from his pen.

It may prove a sort of banquet, however, to the contemplative mind to remark, in the Appendix, what some of our countrymen have briefly said of Newton.

Or

Or yet in turn the weary limb refresh,
And in thy visions magic scenes address,
Seize yonder spot, where lofty domes arise,
And Grantham's soaring spire salutes the skies.
Grantham, the nurt'ring school of Newton's mind,
That dealt a general harvest to mankind.

Grantham.

To place thus circumstanc'd we bid adieu,
And early with the sun our course renew,
'Till Newark's verdant plain the hour beguiles,
Where lucid Trent in pliant Progress smiles.

Newark.

Say, what is Royalty? descend to scan
The thorny devious paths inverted ran,
Ill-fated *Charles*!—These seats of fable woe,
Where ruins nod, and weeds lethiferous grow,
Proclaim aloud, in sighing accents tell
How Cromwell rul'd, how regal fortune fell.*

Shou'd Appius instant from the shades arise,
Fair Newark's splendid works wou'd Appius prize,

* Newark Castle was built by a Bishop of Lincoln in the reign of King Stephen, whence the town derives its name, *New-work*. It was made a strong garrison by Charles I. throughout the grand rebellion, and was at last demolished by Cromwell.

“ Yet stately *Trent* here still maintains its stream,

“ Swell'd with the glory of the British name.

“ Strange pow'r of Fate! *unshaken* walls must waste,

“ While things that ever *move* for ever *last*.”

At

At this reform his noble breast wou'd fire,
 And own the children greater than the fire.
 Such are the sovereign roads for commerce made,
 That Trent grows jealous of her liquid trade.
 Low bows the traveller with grateful cheer,
 And pays the willing fee for easing fear ‡.

Tuxford.

Cloſe by the road †, near Tuxford in the Clay,
 A pigmy pyramid demands our lay,
 And, tho' a foe, mournful we mean to grace,
 The ſtone unletter'd with ſome marking trace.

“ Here freed from ceafeleſs toil and chilling frown,
 “ Friendleſs I laid my bowing burthen down.
 “ The ſlave implicit of miſguided zeal,
 “ A foe, repentant, to the common weal.
 “ Though o'er my grave no Pity drops her dew,
 “ Eſtrang'd by poverty of forrowing hue;
 “ Though nettles rank and baneful nightſhade fringe,
 “ This vulgar bed, and with their aſpect tinge

‡ To thoſe who remember the amphibious road that the traveller paſſed in going from Newark to the North, upon every inundation of the Trent, will have ample reaſon to celebrate the propoſer's ſpirit and judgment in projecting ſo capital an object of convenience.

† There is a ſmall obtuſe pyramid juſt entering Tuxford from the South, about the ſize of a mile-ſtone, which denotes the ſepulture of an unfortunate rebel, who died by the road-ſide in the year 1746, to which the epitaph alludes.

With

“ With deeper woe my tragic end, yet I,
 “ Oblivious now, no added fears descry.
 “ Learn, passenger, this moral from my dust,
 “ Be peace and virtue thy supporting trust,
 “ Nor yet of adverse fate do thou complain,
 “ Toft blindly in a stormy world of pain.”

Shou'd Praise on Tuxford's town her warblings spread,
 By vanity or private motives led,
 Much might the Graces and the Muse disdain
 To be associates of the spurious strain.
 When just the theme, 'tis easy to excel,
 When warpt, no music can the cloud dispel ;
 Hence praise, as Poets say, is tender ground,
 Praise misapply'd but makes the deeper wound.
 'Tis shade ironic or a ling'ring pain,
 The link invective of a galling chain.
 Call Tuxford, Elegance, the palm to win,
 Without all harmony, alike within,
 We should but paint the sooty Ethiop white,
 And just reverse the evidence of fight. *

Retford

* Even at the best, as Goldsmith observes in his Good-natured Man,
 “ False colouring, like those employed to heighten beauty, only seem
 to mend that bloom, which they contribute to destroy.”

This country is extensively open, and most remarkable for its quantity of pigeons, which are so numerous, that sometimes in their winding flights over the passenger, he may be said to travel momentarily in the shade.

Between

Retford.

Retford for Hops we greet, and wooing wish,
 To send thee claimants for thy sparkling bliss;
 Regret the slighted calls of aiding coin,
 Thy stores untouch'd, and true inspiring wine.

But

Between Tuxford and Newark grows, in an orchard by the road side, that curious plant Mistletoe, to which so many fabulous qualities, both medical and magical, are attributed. This parasite and perennial, of which, from its glutinous berry, bird lime may be made, has given rise to an antient adage, *Turdus malum sibi cacat*, The Thrush mutes its own destruction: Applicable to bad men being taken in their own toils. It has been falsely supposed that no art could make it propagate from the seed, and that it was necessary first to pass through the intestines of a bird to prepare it for vegetation; hence, by perching upon trees, the seed was deposited in the fissure of the branch, where, and where only, it could possibly engraft and flourish. It mostly thrives on orchard-trees or thorns; I have never, after long search, seen it upon the oak, of which kind our ancestors so frequently speak, and which alone constituted one of the leading rites of druidical worship.

There, where the spreading consecrating boughs
 Fed the Sage *Mistletoe*, the holy Druids
 Lay rapt in moral musings.—

Mason's *Elfrida*.

Mistletoe is also the supposed Golden Bough of Virgil, recommended to Æneas by the Sybil, when he visits Anchises in the Shades, amply described in the sixth book of the Æneid. It is the *Viscum Baccis Albis* of the Botanists, specified by most writers; and lastly, in the notes on Evelyn's *Silva*, edit. 1776, p. 8. By Poets it is called the Shining Wonder, Blooming Gold, Yellow Offspring of the Oak, the Oak's adopted Child, Branching Trophy, &c. The *Virga Aurea Angustifolia*, or the Golden Rod of C. Bauhine, bearing a yellow flower, found on heaths and in woods, is another plant of a very different kind.

But Fashion, that capricious flaunting dame,
 Scarce deigns to trifle with a modern name*.
 Though Trivia pleads the boon, the passing crew,
 Rapid, like comets, seek a distant view.
 Festive in mind, thou lov'st the heart to chear,
 With wholesome viands and October-beer;
 For purer tastes, the viny juice to sell,
 And beds of ease for guests that nightly dwell.
 Nor shall the steeds of scanty fare complain,
 While meads are verdant and their stores retain.
 Thus Retford daily seeks each taste to suit,
 And add importance to the man and brute.

Retford.

Though stages offer, yet no common jade,
 The Muse disdains to prostitute her trade.
 To Barnby-Moor † we tea-less bid adieu,
 And next attain the object of our view;

Barnby-Moor.

D

The

* The road through Retford is comparatively modern, which usually passed by what was called the Eel-pye House, of humble aspect, but friendly entertainment, by way of bait, when chaises were not so current.

But past is all its fame, the very spot,
 Where many triumph'd, now is near forgot,
 And yonder thorn that rears its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye.

But this idea is so admirably prosecuted in the *Deserted Village*, that I cannot help referring the reader to its perusal or remembrance.

† In point of pleasure and beauty, we can only call Barnby-Moor, though a considerable station for changing horses, the image of itself. Bawtry, in Yorkshire, (the mart for Derbyshire mill-stones) near to which

Yorkshire

Doncaster.

The wooing face of Caster's * fair domain,
Its cleric structure and delightful plain;

Then

Yorkshire commences, has had its day of call, in part, but now seems to be neglected. Such is the tide of things in the course of human customs.

A female of some reading, late my travelling companion on the north road in passing the limits of the counties of Nottingham and York, could not help expressing her provincial attachment to the last, but in a manner that was too refined for my discovery. She had no sooner crossed the little hollow, entering Bawtry from the South, which divides the shires, than she observed that the trees looked greener, and she was very sure the sand was softer. Such are the local prejudices to place and things, and to such extremities will ignorance glue itself, when guided merely by habit : It is in such instances that sound education triumphs in its own possessions and feelings, and makes no difference, but where there is a real difference in nature, both in men and things. This is to become a philosopher or a citizen of the world.—The Amor Patriæ should have its limits, lest we blunt the finer sensations, and grow blindly fierce or callous to the general Calls of Humanity.

It is Baron Le Hontan or Charlevoix, for I speak from memory, that in their description of the country of Louisiana, and speaking of Cannibals, observes that the Savages love or relish the flesh of a Frenchman better than that of an Englishman, as having a finer taste, and that it is less rank ; but the Sharks, less delicate, prefer, on that account, the latter, which makes them pursue the English ships for their dead, with more avidity than those of the French nation.—It is not possible for a lover of his country to carry an attachment higher than to interest even the dead in its concerns, and thus proving its superior excellence and glory.—Heraclitus, beware of laughter !

We believe most nations will be ready to allow the French that pre-eminence unenvied, for which their author contends, as it might prove a safeguard in those inhospitable regions, to their persons, where a choice was offered to the palate of the Indian.

* Caster-Castrum, or Doncaster, a fortress on the river Don, now erased,

Then Mocha's berry, Peking's leaf infuse,
Inhale the fragrant streams, and treat of news.

Here Ned, in sober mood, devoutly swore,
That whilst he breath'd he never would drink more ;
Where is the soil so delicate in fruit ?
The chosen spot where no evasions root ?
Ned daily reels, unminding oaths or death,
But vows he drinks not, when he takes his breath.

Ferrybridge.

Now Ferry-bridge, the focal pass, we join,
Where Viands plenteous wait, and racy Wine.
The Cake enticing, courteous every look,
The pleasing Hostess—and the comely Cook.
All, All conspire to guild the peaceful scene,
The Wave commercial, and the wide-spread Green.
Apicius pamper'd, fraught with sensual care,
Cries Hostess, Waiter, Cook—a Bill of Fare :

D 2

A

a genteel and improving town, environed with plenty and recreation.—On the way hence to the seat of the Marquis of Rockingham, which you leave on the left-hand, when pursuing your course on the great North road, are erected mile-stones, signifying the distances *from* Wentworth-House, an error we presume of the chisel, as the dative *to* Wentworth-House, rather than the ablative case, would have been more consonant, considering the celebrated hospitality of the noble owner; but either way the inscription breathes an air of consequence and cheerfulness, which criticism should spare.

A bill is brought, and soon his straining eyes
 Select the stately Rump—a darling prize!
 Broil me a Steak, says he, with sterling voice;
 Be that and Oysters stew'd my dining choice.
 Due pause allow'd, the guest more hungry grows,
 And from his longing lips impatience flows.
 Perdition seize you, sure you all forget;
 Boy, curse you, Sir, my *Steak* not ready yet?
 Promptly Dick answer'd No! and humbly bow'd,
 But very long, good Sir, your *Chops* have glow'd.

Pleas'd with our fare, each image too, around,
 We quit, reluctant, Ferry's fleecy ground.
 The Sun ascended on meridian throne,
 Mildly diffusive o'er the prospect shone;
 While *Somnus*, Regent of the * wavy road,
 Affail'd, with silent step, the soul's abode.

Lull'd

* The power of sleep is undefinable.—We feel its influence and acknowledge the effects; but by what mode it acts, hath been hitherto inscrutable to human enquiry.—The polar animals require it in a greater degree, perhaps, to arm them against their long night, and the state of inanition in which they awake.—With us the Badger, Dormouse, Tortoise, and the Bat, are known to take uncommon portions of this soothing balm; not to dwell upon Snails, the viperine, and insect kind. Some quadrupeds, such as the Hare and Horse, can dispense with scanty allowances of the same negative food. Children and infancy of every kind participate largely of its restoring quality, most probably on account of its peculiarly favouring growth, which is mostly performed whilst asleep, and also the accretion of matter in adults when appetite fails, as

Lull'd by the yellow stream of Cowslip Zest,
 We softly sink into a mile of rest.
 Nought cou'd the Poet then but Fiction trace,
 Flaccid his limbs, a blank his eyeless face.
 Strange pow'r! that thus in mere privation lost,
 Life's sea is smooth, or in a tempest tost;
 That Nullity shou'd active Vigor give,
 And teach the torpid frame again to live.
 Come, Sages of the School, say, can ye tell,
 Why Sleep should deal a Heaven or a Hell?
 'Till gently touch'd by soft Refreshment's hand,
 We quit the fleeting shades of Fairy Land,
 Nature explore, renew our destin'd flight,
 And woo in day the realms of sweet delight.

D 3

Lo!

a slow circulation will be found most conducive to supply the expences of the animal œconomy. Hence the pulsation of those animals who foodless sleep the winter, is scarce perceptible; hence also it is clear, from the same doctrine, that the force of the rapid stream will contribute to wear its banks, whilst a slower motion will tend to add increase.—Whether the brain is principally concerned in the functions of sleep, any other organ, or a general participation of the several members of the frame takes place, is still controvertible; but so far is certain, that many maniacal persons are almost sleepless; and the famous late example of the man at Madrid, who was known not to sleep for years, though sound in mind, may be quoted on this occasion, as considering the subject inexplicable.—Sleep will be induced from smell, as appears from travelling a field of Poppies, where that plant is propagated, or from opium externally applied. Sleep among the antients had its deity; and our countryman, Sir Thomas Brown, says, that it is so much the image of death, that he never dared to trust himself to its power without a prayer.

Sherburn.

Lo! Sherburn's * ville, whose early mitred dome,
Scarce leaves a fragment to descry its tomb.

Past

* SHERBURN was a place antiently of more renown than at present. It is mentioned by Thoresby in his Leod. Ducat. and in Magn. Britan. antiq. et nov.—It was given to the See of York by King Athelstan, above 800 Years ago, and contained a Bishop's Palace, of which the ruins of the platform only now remain, close to the East side of the church. It has a free school moderately endowed, on the front of which is engraved,

“ Robertus Hungate de civitate Eborum armiger ;

“ Natus Saxtoniæ, fundatur pius, 1619.

“ Major et Aldermanni Eborum in memoriam ejus hoc posuerunt, 1656.”

Thoresby gives a list of its Vicars from the year 1321 to the end of the year 1695, with some chasms, which the present worthy Vicar, Mr. Rogers, it is hoped, will supply, as he has already given proof of his attention to clerical matters under his inspection, by following a plan for registering of baptisms and burials exhibited by the Rev. Mr. William Dade, Rector of St. Mary's Castlegate, York, a gentleman well versed in ecclesiastical enquiries.—The school had also an exhibition left it by the late Lady Elizabeth Hastings, whose earthly course was a continued series of beneficent acts. Her life is written by the Rev. Mr. Barnet of Leeds. The inhabitants of Sherburn lately applied themselves to the culture of flax with promising appearance of success. The town and district for about three miles around have been celebrated for the plenty and quality of a plum call'd a Wine Sour, much coveted for a preserve, which is delicious, but the fruit is of little estimation in a raw state, however matured on the tree. Many attempts have been made to propagate this plum in distant places, but they fall short of perfection, although ingraftment and every other care have been pursued for the purpose.—The soil of Sherburn, where this kind of plum mostly flourishes, is that of a lean soil on a lime-stone, although this is not the general run of the ground on all the sides of the town, especially where flax is grown. Were we to attend to the different soils, and the various plants which rejoice spontaneously in those differences, throughout nature, we might be carried beyond our prescribed

Past is the day, low lies its fair renown,
 Fled is the Fame that did its fortune crown.
 Doleful she sits, of mocking Pride the jest,
 A fading image of her troubled breast.
 Yet still a ray to glad the Night appears,
 And Flax and Fruit rejoice her circling years.
 While Charity extends a HUNGATE's hand,
 To cheer, instruct, adorn, a list'ning band.

Towton † we now approach, of sanguine stain,
 A woe-worn Village, weeping o'er its Plain.

Towton.

No
 prescribed limits ; but nothing can be more tempting than such considerations, to a lover of botany. The appropriation of plants to soil and climate, comes under every inspection, but the reasoning part is open but to few.

Similar to this plum rejoicing in a scanty soil, we may mention the Kakagee Apple, so called, of which excellent Cyder is made in Gloucestershire, from fruit despicably bad to the taste, and hard to a great degree. It is adapted to a clay soil, whence the name of the cyder seems to be derived from two Greek words *κακα γη* signifying bad earth, the character of the district where the apple is mostly propagated.

It is curious to observe the analogy of plants, in regard to smell, comparable with the animal tribe.—The Cynoglossus, or Hound's Tongue, carries with it a strong odour of mice ; the Bugloss stalk, when bruised, to that of Smelts ; the Vulvaria, to dried Ling ; with many others, and the exotic African Swallow-Wort, *Asclepias Africana Azoides*, is so putridly fetid as to induce the flies to blow upon it.

† The battle of Towton, which lasted ten hours, is mentioned by all the Historians as an important day of success to the Royal House of York, but of dreadful carnage to the combatants who fought on the 29th of March, 1460. It is recorded, that the two united armies consisted of

No Laurel here shall emblematic grow,
 Nor verdant Wreath bedeck the Victor's Brow.
 Erase, ye Dæmons foul, the tragic page;
 Hide from the Muse's ken your hostile rage;
 Where Horror vaunts each character of Death,
 In all the attitudes of parting breath;
 And grimly dreadful stalks the mourning ground,
 Promiscuous dealing havock wide around;
 Bids Cock's pure stream with civil gore to glide,
 And Wharfe, a Peerefs of the liquid tribe.

Turn

108,666 men. Among the multitudes that fell, which is said to be 35,091, entirely English, we could only glean a single monument of the slain to commemorate the obsequies, which is a plain tomb-stone in the parish church-yard of Saxton, near the field of battle, of a Lord Dacre. It contains a marginal inscription, in old letters, nearly effaced, and the stone which stands on the north side of the structure also is mutilated.

The lance, the sword, and arrow were satiated with blood, and the river Cock, a tributary stream to the Wharfe, was said to carry its sanguine stain to the latter, though at the distance of seven miles; but this report was probably the exaggeration of the party of those times, and to be believed with allowances.—Spoils of the battle have occasionally been ploughed up in memory, a circumstance not to be wondered at where such numbers perished.

The Lancastrians are said to exceed the Yorkists in a great proportion of Force. A shower of snow and sleet, which drove in the face of the former, proved fatal to their cause.

To the North of Towton, near to Sherburn, was also fought a battle between King Charles and the Parliament's forces, where Sir Francis Carnaby was wounded, and dying on his knees, made the ejaculation of *Lord have mercy on me! Bless and prosper thou his Majesty*, and expired.

Turn then! O! turn my soul from scenes like these,
And give the tortur'd Muse her wonted ease.
Bid her forget the glitt'ring dread array,
The clashing shock, and fell Ambition's prey;
Wing her to where Oblivion's cloud may shield,
Or lenient Themes more placid moments yield.

Hail, sweet Simplicity! thou Goddess bright!
My first DIANA, and my last Delight.
Be thine the wishful task, the pleasing toil,
To reap and discipline the ductile soil.
With placid Nature live, and rural Life,
In state unenvied, unestrang'd to strife.
Far, far from slaughter'd scenes, the sanguine train,
That prowl on earth, and float the awful main;
Unknown to crimson Chiefs, or Men of Rule,
And callous Tyrants of the scourging School.
To keep aloof from curst Ambition's field,
Nor know the horror which proud Sceptres yield.

So Lewis *, as the world receded, smote
His guilty breast with this bequeathing note,

* Voltaire reports, in his Life of Lewis XIV. that the Monarch perceiving on his bed the approach of death, a situation which holds to every man his dark or bright image, said to an attendant, "*I was, alas! too fond of War.*"

" The Pomp of War, that dreadful sport of Kings,
 " Now ev'ry atom of my bosom stings.
 " Too fond, alas! of streaming Life I've been,
 " And lo! Oh bane of Peace! the bloated scene.
 " Do Laurels bloom, by Fancy's Shadow led?
 " And wreath these brows by trampling on the Dead?
 " Had I not all that pamper'd Wish could form,
 " My Fiat, Peace; my Frown, the Public Storm.
 " What then avail'd the Macedonian boast
 " Of taming Worlds; my countless states and host."
 How great the folly, awful too the stake,
 When at the grand Tribunal ye awake?
 In falt'ring accents, Conscience ripe, to tell,
 What Millions for your Glory, glorious fell?

Hazelwood.

The Wood of Hazels, quite inverted name,
 Gracious salutes the passing eye with fame.
 Bold is the structure †, fair its open site,
 Of lineage long, and derivation bright.
 Soft shall enquiry tread religious ground,
 Candor and Truth I love, wherever found.
 Roman or Protestant I equal scan,
 Where Truth and Merit equal form the man.
 Substance, not Shadow, is the shrine I greet,
 A Rose, by other terms, wou'd scent as sweet.

As

† Hazelwood is the venerable seat of Sir Walter Vavasour, Bart. where the family hath been resident for many centuries.

As shines the Glow-worm with its feeble ray,
To guide the nightly Pilgrim in his way ;
So in the orbit of enervate minds,
Reflected Twilight no duration finds ;
But when effulgent Reason mounts the throne,
The subject world of light becomes her own ;
She braves the mental mist, seducing art,
And with conviction warms the languid heart.

Joyful with smaller scenes I sometimes play,
And roses strew to cheat life's dreary way.
Let others strive to gain the pompous race,
With brilliant lustre and superior grace,
I on the daily meal of humbler fare,
From predilection self-rais'd comforts share.
Not so when signal Folly combats Sense,
And stamps the pamper'd mind with indolence.
Though Castrum's * town, of unpoetic sound,
No theme affords, nor scenic stores are found ;
Yet of the two extremes, unvarying chuse
Silence, sweet partner of the bashful Muse.

Tadcaster.

Thus

* Tadcaster, the supposed *Calcaria* of ANTONINUS, being nine miles from York, the distance fixed in his Itinerary. The derivation from Calx; and the burners of the lime stone, of which there is here great plenty, were called Calcarientes in the Theodosian code.—The stones of the antient but now demolished castle, were employed in building the bridge over the river.—We have before observed that all places termi-

Thus let us us timely wise one maxim glean,
When judgment doubts pursue the golden mean.

York.

Of hoary York, the early throne of state,
Where polish'd Romans sat in high debate,
Where laws and chiefs, of venerable rule,
The precious produce of the Latian school,
Shone forth, we tune.

Ebor of ebbing age the calm retreat,
And by a MASON ‡ made the Muses seat ;
Where CAPPE with classic elegance is found
A decking honour of its mural bound,
Whose virtues we with exultation trace,
The lib'ral lover of the human race.

nating with *caster*, imply a castle having been there erected, to which if we in this place add *t'and* or *aud*, a vulgar dialect now in use for *old*, we have, without farther search or conjecture, nearly the modern name, Tadcaster, or the Old Castle. The church was given to Sawley abbey, in Craven, by Maud, relict of the Earl of Warwick, and daughter of William Percy, founder of the pile. I am persuaded that the reader will readily excuse detaining him on his journey by treating of Tadcaster, whose want of historical circumstances will be a sufficient apology for dismissing it so lightly. It affords an excellent inn, and has the happiness of being situated contiguous to the fine river of Wharf, navigable from the town into the Humber. There is extant a Latin Couplet, signifying that Tadcaster had nothing to boast of but a bridge without a river ; if the writer had taken a view of its state, in any season, at a little distance above or below the bridge, he would probably have changed his opinion, for in the usual flow, the dam forms an object of great pleasure, and in floods, of real magnificence.

‡ Hull claims the honour of this Poet's birth, and York frequently of his residence.

But

But gently pause ; need we the page unfold,
 Since late with searching lore the tale was told ;
 Faithful to ancient York's historic age,
 A DRAKE * hath amply trac'd her storied page.
 Suffice it then that in poetic strain,
 We only mark a transit o'er her plain ;
 For York, a theme, like to Tartarian fields
 Expanded wide, too large a circle yields.
 Loft in the vast abyfs, we giddy grow,
 When small inclosures make our numbers flow.

Could we like THOMSON radiant wing our flight,
 Soar as he soars, the Phœnix of delight ;
 With piercing judgment, guide the manly lay,
 While chafteft fancy ftrews the flow'ry way ;
 Then would we weave the fimple and fublime,
 And give to diftant ages happier rhime,
 Trace myftic nature to her laft recef,
 Or point the moral with a DADE's addrefs.

Charm'd with fweet Nature's animating face,
 Lefs pleasure in the grouping throng we trace.
 To Amaryllis, towns no raptures yield,
 Me give the fylvan chafe or cultur'd field.

* Drake's History of York, of which a new edition is faid to be in hand, to which much may be added, and from which much might be pruned.

But song, like to dependencies in art,
 Must lightly have its interstitial part ;
 All ornament, just elegance rejects,
 The plan effac'd controuls the due effects.

Faithful to Pan, we with delight inhale,
 Reviving odors in the bloomy vale ;
 Rise with the Lark, with lovely nature stray,
 Woo rosy Health and pledge the future day.
 To her and Harmony those spells belong,
 That warm the cot and swell the Turtle's song.
 Not so the sons of cities rank domain,
 With meagre PHTHISIS stalking in the train ;
 Where bloated HYDROPS fraught with livid eye,
 Wild in conception, gulps whole rivers dry ;
 Where ATROPOS, with ev'ry varied mein,
 And LUES fell, deform the human scene.
 But let us veil those ills which thus invade,
 Thy cheering realms, HYGÆIA, lovely maid !

Castle
 Howard.

Of Howard's* charms the willing bard now sings,
 And joyous to the shrine his tribute brings.
 Ah ! cou'd he to his wish those scenes impart,
 Its various marble or its sculptur'd art ;
 How Shade and Form exalted pleasure give,
 And Greece with Rome again in Britain live :

* Castle Howard, the sumptuous seat of the Earl of Carlisle.

How vivid nature warms, how art can please,
 The graces win, or dignity with ease ;
 The founts Pierian, strictest honor, rest,
 Deep in the closures of the master's breast ;
 Where the muse raptur'd sips the hallow'd dew,
 And gives to distant climes the pictur'd view :
 Then would he flash dominion o'er the soul,
 And deal to all, sweet Fancy's nectar'd bowl.
 Enchanting spot ! where in the blisful bowers,
 Playful the muse salutes the rosy hours :
 Each season moulds, now gilds the mental gloom,
 Now decks the desert or illumines the room.

Such is the force of song, the type above,
 The soul's palladium and harmonic love :
 Forth speaks the canvass, pregnant with delight,
 While breathing statues seize the raptur'd sight.
 Each step elates, for scenes Elysian rise,
 And form around a banquet for the skies ;
 All, all in nature's reign is civil strife,
 Or embryo-beauty starting into life.
 The festive dome, the tale-inspiring glade,
 Nor less superb the pile of peace and shade †.

† The Mausoleum is a structure, within and without, of such architectural excellence and beauty, as to make the beholder almost wish to be an inhabitant.—As the house, gardens, and environs, would require much acquaintance with them for a description to do them proper justice, we must content ourselves with the produce of a transit, which a journey only implies.

Concerning Sepulture see the Appendix.

Malton.

Malton might from its merits notice claim,
 Both stem primeval and the later name * ;
 But clouds effusive, with a curtain'd sky,
 Preclude each object of the wand'ring eye :
 Hence rests the bard in dull Obstruction's stream,
 And hence a quick dismissal of the theme.

Scampston.

Scampston †, in early days, I sportive knew,
 And on that stock a partial fondness grew.
 Without, around, much easy taste is sown,
 Within, the courteous dome seems all your own ;
 Where sweet Simplicity displays her part,
 In all the nice oeconomy of art :
 Nature, a niggard to the wolds I grant,
 But hospitality supplies the want :
 Nay Dott'rel ‡, Bustard, hence adorn its board,
 And Ocean's urn profusely pours its hoard.

So

* There are two Maltons, the old and the new town, seated near the river Derwent. The first had formerly its castle and abbey ; the latter is an agreeable town, surrounded by a more agreeable country.—In approaching it from York we passed the ruined castle of Sheriffhutton ; but the Poet and Antiquary do not naturally coalesce but in cases where elegy is concerned, which is not our present purpose.

† The agreeable seat of Sir William St. Quintin, Bart. to which the traveller is much obliged for the animation it gives to this open part of the country.

‡ The Dotterell is the Charadrius Morinellus of the Linnæan system, and the Bustard, the Otis Tarda of the same author. The first is migratory, a bird of delicate flavour, and in best season in May, weighing about four ounces,

So equal is the kind bestowing hand,
That Plenty smiles throughout the favour'd land.

To Scarbrough's† coast we rapid now repair,
Eye the mix'd scene and snuff the sea-born air.
Ceaseless on curving wing the Plover stray,
And Mews, sure heralds of the less'ning way.
Pleas'd that our toil hath found its destin'd end,
Sacred to peace, to leisure, and to friend;
We joyous of each local transport share,
And fling to distant time corroding care.
Here timely warn'd, we drop the doric strain,
For rural numbers fly the wavy main.

Scarbrough.

ounces, who, together with the Otis, or Bustard, inhabit the wolds, downs, and other woodless extended plains. It is the largest British land fowl, being superior to a Turkey in magnitude. It is a shy bird, and known mostly in Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, and the East part of Yorkshire.

† For a beautiful display of Scarborough and its environs, we refer the curious reader to a Poem in blank verse, of such merit as to supersede all attempts of our own on that subject. It was published 1770 in three Cantos, by Mark Foster.

The reader will excuse our taking leave with the introduction of a bathing song in the epigrammatic style; but however strong the recommendation may be, it is hoped an attention will be paid to avoid an indiscriminate use of bathing, a remedy which, like the plow in agriculture, may be applied to the worst or best purposes.

A B A T H I N G S O N G.

THE learn'd may blister, purge, and bleed,
And plague with pill and potion,
But jump into the Sea you'll need,
I'm sure, no other lotion.

'Twill brace your nerves so firm and tight
That, should the French invade us,
You'll all as fierce as lions fight,
And punish their bravadoes.

For Adam's first offence we see
His children doom'd to pain, Sir,
You'll suffer none, if you'll but be
Baptized in the Main, Sir.

If gloomy thoughts possess the breast,
And fancies full of folly,
A dip will drive them from their nest,
And cure your melancholy.

Some folks to Bath are partial found,
For Bristol others stickle;
Would you preserve your body found,
Pray souce it in Sea pickle.

With ruby nose and pimpled chin,
And legs bespread with plaster,
Sir Toby bath'd, and soon his skin
Grew smooth as Alabaster.

With

If Ladies cheeks thro' sickness pine,
 This wash they'll find no harm in,
 Not Paris Rouge will make them shine
 With colour half so charming.

For Iamenefs Damon fought the Sea,
 And so did youthful Phillis;
 Now she can dance all night, and he
 Is nimble as Achilles.

By bathing fond Dorinda tries
 To save her drooping daughter,
 And views the darling virgin rise
 A Venus † from the water.

The learned Priest with study worn,
 The Lawyer sick with brawling,
 Here freed from every plaint return
 With vigour to their calling.

Peer, Soldier, Tradesmen, Merchant meet
 With Madam, Miss, and Duchefs,
 And Alderman from city-treat,
 Comes limping down on crutches.

All eager to the Sea repair,
 And each the notion pleases
 Of casting off his burden there
 Of bodily diseases.

* An allusion to a famous Greek painting of Venus rising from the Sea.

See Whig and Tory, their grimace
 And party feuds suspending,
 Instead of post at Court, for place
 In vehicle contending.

Conceiting the machine a car,
 While down the beach I'm sliding,
 My guide to Triton I compare,
 Myself to Neptune riding

Should foaming waves excite my fears,
 In spite of them I strip, Sir,
 And plunging over head and ears,
 Soon chace away the Hyp, Sir.

Then forth all in a glow I spring,
 Well brac'd and full of mettle;
 Like him who got, as Poets sing,
 New youth from magic kettle*.

* Æson, the father of Jason, is said to have been restored to youth by the potent juices of Medea's caldron.

See OVID. METAM.

A P P E N D I X.

A P P E N D I X.

ILLUSTRATIONS on the Character of Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

AMONG the Monuments of British worthies in the celebrated Gardens at Stow, in Buckinghamshire, is Sir ISAAC NEWTON's, with this Inscription: "Whom the God of Nature made to comprehend all his works, and from simple principles to discover the laws never known, and to explain the appearances never understood, of this stupendous universe."

And again the incorporated substance of what is said by the sagacious and Rev. J. Granger, Biograph. Hist. 2d edit.

"What Locke was in Metaphysics, that Newton was in the higher part of the Mathematics, and made such discoveries as perhaps no human capacity was ever equal to, but his own. Newton led mankind to the knowledge of the material world, with which they were surrounded; Locke, to the ideal world within themselves.

"The birth of the Newtonian was the death of the Cartesian philosophy. The throne of Newton appears to be fixed upon a solid, perhaps an everlasting foundation. Descartes created a world of his own; Newton explained the law of the universe as it came from the hands of the Creator.

"Newton, whom that innate modesty which usually attends on true genius had restrained from displaying his mighty talents, broke forth from his obscurity in the reign of James II. then it was that he published his PRINCIPIA, a work that occasioned the greatest revolution that ever was made in the world of Science. This performance is an illustrious proof of the power of the human mind, it being the highest instance that can, or probably ever will, be given of the exertion of it.

“ There is a print of him, engraved by Bickham, which may be placed
“ as a memorial in James IIId’s. reign. It is a Head, radiated like the
“ Sun, in the midst of a planetary system. The following lines of Lu-
“ cretius may without pedantry be affixed to it; they are much better
“ suited to this character than to that of Epicurus.

“ Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnes.

“ Perstrinxit stellas, exortus ut ætherius sol.”

It is remarkable that there was another Newton, M. A. (John) an au-
thor, a great mathematician, and eminent throughout the whole circle of
sciences, contemporary with Sir Isaac, lost in his Namesake’s blaze; but
he has obtain’d an honourable place in Wood’s Ath. Oxon. He died Janu-
ary 1678, when our author was in the 30th year of his age. There is
a print of him, Ætat. 39, 1660, before his book entitled, “ Mathema-
tical Elements,” 4to. Gr.

The unlearned or tasteless class will have little satisfaction in reading
what has been already said of Newton, and to those endued with science,
a minuteness of character is unnecessary. To those who would curtail
eulogium or business, Pemberton’s Review, Bradley, and Murdoch Mac-
laurin may suffice in this place to cover the temple now erecting to his
fame.

Various are the effigies of Sir Isaac; both in frontispieces, medallions;
busts, seals, and other engravings, but most of them dissimilar from his
monument and from each other. It were to be wished that any person
now living, as the remembrance will soon be lost, who recognizes a like-
ness, would pronounce which has the most merit in that respect, that po-
sterity may be gratified with the idea of a person, of whom it may be
said, We may probably never see the like again. The Rev. Dr. Birch has
given us a pompous engraving of Sir Isaac in his folio volume, which,
from the attention paid it in the executive part, may have merit as to
similitude.

Sir Isaac’s Chronology of antient Kingdoms was occasionally in hand
thirty years, and was the last work to which he applied even to a few days be-
fore his death; and however great his absence of mind in common affairs, his
memory.

memory was so strong at the utmost verge of life, that he could recollect, critically, historical circumstances happening in such a year of such an olympiad, when crouching under the ponderous load of eighty-five years and a painful disease. He then, says Bishop Pearce, was writing without spectacles remote from the window, and the light partially eclipsed by a pile of books, upon which the rev. visitor (then Rector of St. Martin's in the Fields) observed, "Sir, you seem to be writing in a place where you cannot so well see." His answer was, "A little light serves me." So true it was in every sense of the expression.

See Bishop Pearce's Commentary, &c. published by John Derby, A. M. 1776.

From a Note on WENSLEYDALE, a Poem, printed 1780, 3d Edit.

As the smallest anecdote concerning so great an ornament to human nature, becomes amusing, especially in a character so uniformly studious as his, I shall briefly relate what may not be so generally known, and therefore give the curious traveller an opportunity of bestowing one transient glance upon the humble tenement where this illustrious man first saw that light which he so well defined, or the elegant situation where he resigned his breath.

The first is a farm-house at the little village of Woolfthorpe, consisting of a few messuages in the same stile of humility, about half a mile west from Colsterworth, on the great north road between Stamford and Grantham, known to every peasant in the neighbourhood.

He died at lodgings in that agreeable part of Kensington, called Orbell's, now Pitt's Buildings. His academic time was spent in Trinity College, Cambridge, where his apartments continue to be mentioned occasionally, on the spot, to strangers, with a degree of laudable exultation.

His principal town-house was in St. Martin's-Street, the corner of Long's-Court, Leicester-Fields, where is yet standing a small observatory which Sir Isaac built upon the roof.

His temper was so mild and equal, that scarce any accidents disturbed it. One instance in particular, which is authenticated by a now-living witness, brings this assertion to a proof: That Sir Isaac being called out of his study to

a contiguous room, a little dog, called Diamond, the constant but incurious attendant of his master's researches, happened to be left among the papers, and, by a fatality not to be retrieved, as it was in the latter part of Sir Isaac's days, threw down a lighted candle, which consumed the almost-finished labors of some years. Sir Isaac returning too late, but to behold the dreadful wreck, rebuked the author of it with an exclamation, (*ad sydera palmas*) "Oh Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief done!" without adding a single stripe.

The obscurity in which Sir Isaac Newton's pedigree is involved, who only died A. C. 1726, makes it less a wonder that we should be so little acquainted with the origin of the great characters of antiquity, or those of later ages.

The author of *Biographia Philosophica*, has made Sir Isaac Newton's father the eldest son of a baronet, and farther speaks of the knight's patrimonial opulence; the contrary of which assertions, the testimony of his parish will sufficiently confirm, did not the account alone confute itself; for by consequence Sir Isaac would have had an hereditary title, which evidently was not the fact. This renowned philosopher was indebted more to nature for the gifts with which she had endowed him, than to the accidents of any great descent; a circumstance, which adds, if possible, greater lustre to the man, who, without the advantages of eminent birth, alliance, or fortune, attained the highest pinnacle of scientific fame.

The little I have been able to collect of the family of this great man, by a diligent enquiry both in and about his native parish, and among the very few of his surviving distant relations of half-blood, for none else remain, serves but to confute the many palpable errors committed by his biographers on this occasion; most of whom, in copying each other, have erroneously made him descend from a baronet. It may be now time therefore, when the traces of truth on that subject are nearly lost, briefly to preserve some traits of his genealogy, which the inquisitive reader may depend upon to have been carefully collected.

Mr. John Newton, the father of Sir Isaac, had a paternal estate in Woolfthorpe and the neighbourhood, of about fifty pounds a year. He was a wild, extravagant,

extravagant, and weak man, but married a woman of good fortune. His wife's name was Ayscough, whose father lived in Woolsthorpe likewise, and was lord of that manor. The said manor, with some other property, descended to Sir Isaac, upon the death of his grandfather, Ayscough. Sir Isaac made some trifling purchases himself; and his whole estate in that neighbourhood, amounted at the time of his death to about 105*l.* per annum, which fell to the share of his second cousin, John Newton; who being dissolute and illiterate, soon dissipated his estate in extravagance, dying about the 30th year of his age, in 1737, at Colsterworth, by a tobacco-pipe breaking in his throat, in the act of smoking, from a fall in the street, occasioned by ebriety.

The father of the above John, was also John Newton, a carpenter, afterwards game-keeper to Sir Isaac, and died at the age of sixty, in 1725. In the Rolls or Records, that are sometimes read at the Court-Leets in Grantham, mention is made of an Ayscough, who is styled Gentleman, and Guardian and Trustee to Sir Isaac Newton under age.

It is very certain that Sir Isaac was a posthumous issue, and had no full brothers or sisters; but his mother, by her second marriage with Mr. Smith, the Rector of North-Witham, a parish adjoining Colsterworth, had a son and two or three daughters—which issue female afterwards branching by marriages with persons of the names of Barton and Conduit, families of property and respectable character, partook, with the Smiths, of Sir Isaac's personal effects, which were very considerable.

Sir Isaac, when a boy, was sometimes employed in menial offices, even to an attendance on the servant to open gates in carrying corn to Grantham-market, and watching the sheep; in which last occupation, tradition says, that a gentleman found him, near Woolsthorpe, looking into a book of the mathematical kind, and asking some questions, perceived such dawnings of genius, as induced him to solicit the mother to give her son an university education, promising to assist in the youth's maintenance at college if there was occasion. But whether that necessity took place, is a point I have not been able to determine.

He lived a bachelor, and died in his 85th year, having, as a relation informed me, who quoted the authority of Sir Isaac's own confession, never violated the laws of chastity. The house at Woolsthorpe has seemingly undergone little or no exterior alteration, since the time it inclosed this great man, and continues to be visited by the curious, who occasionally pass the Northern Road.

There is extant a letter from Sir Isaac, dated from Jermyn-Street, where he also lived, which I have read. It is now in the possession of an inhabitant at Colsterworth, and descends by heirship, though the subject is only upon common parish-busines; a circumstance which shews how much the humble owner, unconnected with the family or the science of our philosopher, venerates his character, even, as I have been informed, to his having resisted gold for the purchase of so apparent a trifle.

A relation of the Knight, the late Rev. Mr. Smith of Linton, in Craven, Yorkshire, left a small ivory bust of admirable workmanship, executed by that celebrated artist, Marchand, which from its elegance, similitude, and placid expression, is truly valuable. It is said to have cost Sir Isaac one hundred guineas, and is specified in an authentic inventory of his effects, taken by virtue of a commission of appraisement in April 1727, now in my possession. It appears that his personal estate amounted to 3182 *l.* 16 *s.* 10 *d.* which was distributed among eight relations, *Sir Isaac dying intestate*. He had also an acquired farm or Estate at Baydon, Wilts, but of no great annual value. It likewise appears, as a proof of his benevolence, that he was not an oppressive landlord, since, at his death, there was owing him by one tenant 60 *l.* for three years rent, and by another, for two years and a half, a smaller sum. It may not be impertinent to mention our philosopher's wardrobe and cellar, which in the valuation stand thus.—Item, wearing apparel, woollen and linen, one silver-hilted sword and two canes, 8 *l.* 3 *s.* Item, in the wine vault, a parcel of wine and cyder in bottles, 14 *l.* 16 *s.* 6 *d.* The furniture and luxuries of his house bearing nearly the like proportion, his library excepted, which consisted of 2000 volumes and 100 weight of pamphlets. On an engraving of Sir Isaac Newton's natal House, given in the above quoted work, are the following lines:

Here Newton dawn'd, here lofty wisdom woke,
And to a wond'ring world divinely spoke.

If Tully glow'd when Phædrus' steps he trod?
 Or fancy form'd philosophy a god?
 If sages still, for Homer's birth contend?
 The sons of science at this dome must bend.
 All hail the shrine! all hail the natal day!
 Cam boasts his Noon, this cot his Morning Ray.

To the preceding notes permit us to add the following observations.
 Had Colsterworth any fame it could only be a borrowed one, as it must be necessarily absorbed in the vortex, from its vicinity to the small village of Woolsthorpe, sanctified by the birth of the great Newton, whose name must ever inspire the scientific man with the most glowing veneration.—We almost say, in imitation of Erasmus to Socrates, with some deviation, O! immortal Newton, descend and instruct us! be again the interpreter of nature, and develop worlds beyond the sun.—When I passed the threshold of his house, methought I stood on Ether, and found myself more impressed than if I had trod the classic ground of Antiquity, however remote and celebrated:—Imagination viewed the Philosopher ranging universal Space, now standing on the Ocean, and now on a Satellite of Saturn, pursuing Comets, and exploring distant Systems.—When I entered the room where his infant eye first saw that Light which he so accurately defined, I was pervaded with enthusiasm, and thought, well might that noble and illustrious Geometrician of France, the Marquis d'Hopital, ask our Ambassador, whether Newton eat, drank, or slept like other mortals. Such was the panegyric of a Foreigner, which reflected wisdom upon himself, and which alone were a volume, had not Fontenelle, Rollin, Halley, Thomson, Glover, and a host of Poets, Historians, and Philosophers followed him.

In fact, in the disposition I then found myself, every thing pleased, every spot seemed interesting, and wove in local history.—Even the little Stream that runs by the road-side, and which the traveller crosses to Grantham, swelled into importance; nor could I view its beautiful meanders, without considering the regret with which it quits the abode of Newton, in whose waves he had probably so often sported.—It is impossible for even grave Philosophy, whose business is to correct Superstition, not to

be a Devotee on this occasion. Hence permit us to say of this playful Stream, that it

Clasps close the foil, and with reluctance yields
The hallow'd culture of Newtonian Fields.

It was happy for the world that our Author had a turn to practical mechanics, and was in many instances his own artificer. By this means there was a relief, otherwise, in so intense an application to study, the mind might have given way. It has been well authenticated, that he frequently forgot the summons to his meals, and that he has been known to inquire after persons who have been sitting with him at table.—Circumstances to which I believe the profoundly studious will assent.

We shall not display his high places and honours, as we consider them comparatively as microscopic objects; as mere paint to the curious sculptured column, unessential to the noble pile he so amazingly reared.

As the Inscription and Emblems on Sir Isaac Newton's Tomb may not have been seen by many, and not attended to by others, we here give them to the Reader, with a Translation of the Epitaph.

H. S. E.

Isaacus Newton, Eques auratus,
Qui, animi vi prope divinâ,
Planetarum motus figuras,
Cometarum semitas oceanique ætus,
Suâ mathefi facem præferente,
Primus demonstravit;
Radiorum lucis dissimilitudines,
Colorumque inde nascentium proprietates,
Quas nemo antea vel suspicatus erat, pervestigavit.
Naturæ, Antiquitatis, Sacræ Scripturæ,
Sedulus, sagax, fidus interpres;
Dei O. M. majestatem Philosophiâ asseruit,
Evangelii simplicitatem moribus expressit.
Sibi gratulenter mortales tale tantumque extitisse
Humani generis Decus—Nat. Dec. 25, 1642, ob. 20 Mart. 1726.

TRANSLATION.

TRANSLATION.

Here lies entombed
 Sir Isaac Newton, Knight,
 Who with the assistance of almost a divine inspiration of mind,
 And enlightened by the fun of his mathematical knowledge,
 First demonstrated the Motions and Figures of the Planets, the Paths of
 Comets,
 And the Causes of the Ocean's Tides.
 He thoroughly investigated
 The nice Distinctions of the Rays of Light,
 And the Properties of Colours produced by them,
 Of which no person before his time had entertained an idea.
 Of Nature, a diligent; of Antiquity, a sagacious;
 Of the Holy Scriptures, a faithful Interpreter.
 He asserted the Majesty of Almighty God thro' the means of Philosophy,
 At the same time
 Expressed the simplicity of the Gospel in his manners.
 Let mankind rejoice,
 On the existence of so great an ornament to the human race.
 Born Dec. 25, 1642, died 20th of March, 1726.

The Latin Epitaph, no doubt, had the consideration and revival of many, but the original composition has been given to the late learned Astronomer, Dr. Edmund Halley.—Yet however great the compliment paid to Sir Isaac, his own stupendous discoveries will be his noblest praise throughout all ages and nations.

To a reflecting mind, there is not perhaps a more pleasing awful scene, than what a walk among the mansions of the illustrious Dead affords.—You are there surrounded by the effulgence of the Poet, Statesman, Painter, and Philosopher; you feel the influence of their venerable society, grow fond of fame, and emulate their glory.—You, as it were, embody their shades, live in their days, and converse with those who have so nobly raised the stately dome of science, to teach, to adorn, and humanize the world.

X. A P P E N D I X.

A Temple of this kind, and such is Westminster Abbey, is the finest school of morality, and the most beautiful flatterer of the imagination in nature.

Among the first monuments of that place, for real importance, is that of this Prince of Philosophy. It was designed by W. Kent, and executed by Michael Ryfbrack. The commanding figure of the monument is the Philosopher, who, loosely robed in drapery, sits with a thoughtful but placid mein, reclining his right arm upon four volumes, his Mathematical Principia, his Optics, Chronology, and Divinity.—This last refers to his noble volume on the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse of St. John; but a theology beyond what is usually taught in the schools, pervades his works; for they may be considered virtually as one connected hymn to the supreme power, in a grand comment on Nature and her laws.

At his feet stand two winged *male* figures, consequently neither Fame nor History, unattributed and unadorned, holding up a scroll, on which the Philosopher meditates. They seem only intended to fill up space; or we may call them Cherubims, to whose community we may suppose him united. His uncommon modesty, the sure criterion of abilities, were such, that neither age nor reputation made him positive or petulant; no haughty demeanour, no airy assumptions, in the least degree possessed him, which surprized and charmed his intimates.—The right-hand figure points to the page, seemingly to inform the spectator of their Hero's deeds; that on the left inclines his head with listening attention to the supposed subject.

Above, is a representation of the Astronomic Muse, URANIA, as big as life, in an attitude expressive of sorrow; her left arm resting on a large book, her right across her breast, and her right hand holding a *radius*, an instrument of her attributes, of which the handle only is visible.—She is seated on a large celestial globe, which our Philosopher had so frequently and successfully traversed.—On the base are displayed many sculptured devices, which form the emblems of his history.

The Genius weighing the sun on the short arm of a lever, and the planets at their due distances on the longer arm, alludes to the great doctrine of gravitation, and his theory of the solar system; another holding a prism,

prism, intimates his great discoveries in optics, light and colours; a third directs a reflecting telescope, of which Newton was the inventor.

The furnace and flame are emblematical of chemistry, the key of natural philosophy, by analyzing and decomposing bodies, and shewing their elemental and constituent parts.

One boy bearing on his head a vessel of coins, and another pouring them from an urn, is expressive of Sir Isaac's office as Master of the Mint; a circumstance which carries in it no literary compliment; and whatever important service he might render his country in that employment, is said to have injured the philosophic world, by trespassing upon his learned hours.

The conceit of a youth among the groupe, attending to an aloe plant, is not so intelligible, neither have I seen the obscurity cleared. The reason may possibly be, in part, that the plant, being perennial, might indicate the like duration of his fame; but the recourse to exotics for an emblem was needless, when our own ever-greens have been adopted from the earliest times into that high office.—Possibly the aloe may allude to the common conceit (which is in fact erroneous) of the plant flowering once in a hundred years, making Sir Isaac the flower of that century wherein he lived. A conception too narrow, and not equivalent to our idea of a man that had risen superior to all who had preceded him.

The Star on the back-ground seems to have been a mistake either in the design or execution, since it is not adorned with a Comet's tail, expressive of that which appeared in 1680, called the Newtonian Comet, whose enormous tail extended through a space almost equal to our distance from the sun; the period of whose return is calculated to happen A. D. 2255, being 575 years in its revolution.—The above, therefore, considered merely as a fixed star on the monument, conveys no striking circumstance; neither does it so, if it represents a Comet in the state of its aphelion, not sufficiently heated by the sun to send forth a tail distinguishable in character.—In an admirable engraved seal of the head of Newton, of which I was lately

possessed, left at his death among his rarities, there appears a Comet with its tail, and the like also on the medallion by Wedgwood and Bentley.

The Comet in 1662, predicted by Dr. Ed. Halley upon rules laid down by Sir Isaac, to appear in 1759, which actually happened, (for the learned world agree in its identity) is the first on record to verify the elements of the Comet's theory now so firmly established.—From these calculations, a Comet appears to be the slowest and swiftest body in the Planetary system; for supposing the Sun eighty-one millions of miles from us, the Comet will move in a gradation of one million forty-seven thousand to only forty-five miles in an hour, or, in other terms, twenty-two yards in the time in which it before moved three hundred miles.

In this our progress it is scarce possible not to mention Newton's marvellous invention of the theory and practice of Fluxions, the velocities of nascent and evanescent quantities contained in his second Lemma of his second book of *Principia Mathematica*.—This has produced greater improvement in Mathematics, Physics, and Astronomy, than all the discoveries that have been made before or since the time of Newton.—Leibnitz contended for the honour of this discovery; Newton, with his usual modesty, sat silent; but his claim was victoriously asserted and vindicated by his contemporary English Philosophers; particularly in Mr. Collins's *Commercium Epistolicum*.

There is a beauty in theorems which results from uniformity and variety: I mean one uniform proposition branching into various important corollaries, and this shines conspicuously in the 66th prop. 26th theorem of his first book of *Princip. Mathem.* This single proposition has 22 corollaries, which explain the inequable velocity of the Moon's motion, the changeable curvature of her orbit, the motions of her apses, and the variations of her excentricity, the motions of her nodes, the phenomena of the tides, the precession of the equinoctial points, the oscillations of the earth's axis, the nutations of the poles, and the oblate spheroidal form of the earth, though resolutely opposed on the last subject by Cassini, a contemporary Astronomer of the first class; but since ratified to Sir Isaac by the Royal Academicians of France, from actual mensuration in both hemispheres.

If

If one hundred oxen were sacrificed on the discovery on the 47th proposition of Euclid, ascribed to Pythagoras;—if the detection of adulterated metal in Hiero's crown, on hydrostatic principles by algebraic process, could make the Sicilian Geometer so temporarily frantic with joy, as to run into the streets exclaiming, *I have found it*;—even that Philosopher, who would not suffer himself to be interrupted in his studious pursuit by any thing but the assassin's stab, when Syracuse was stormed;—if the sphere inscribed on the cylinder engraved on the tomb of the same Archimedes, was discovered by Cicero with exultation, what shall we say of a single proposition of Newton, whose theorem is surely superior to that of all others in the variety, extent, and importance of its consequences?

Distinguished Britain! happy in thy soil, in thy wave-fenced situation; in thy learned men, and their contrasted powers; whether a Shakespear in the dramatic, or a Newton in the demonstrative world; in a Locke or a Boyle; or in the more mixed capacities of the two Bacons, and an host of others:—But I perceive myself in unbounded space, and must drop the pursuit with only adding, such was Newton! the wonder of the human race; but my pen only describes in epitome, a slight sketch of an illustrious picture, whose harmony, proportion, and colourings will remain to the end of time.

On S E P U L T U R E.

AS the modes of Sepulture are so various, it may gratify curiosity in some degree, to relate briefly in what manner it has been practised in different ages and nations.

The first idea is undoubtedly that of simple interment. From the warmth of the climate, where we may reasonably presume the first society was formed, near the banks of the Euphrates, putrefaction would not be lingering, which would put them early in mind to deposit the remains of their friends in that element whence they deemed the body to arise.—The yielding soil and bordering sand of the deserts of that country might be also favourable to this purpose, in the early ages of invention, when tools for digging were not perhaps existing or easily attainable.

Caverns were also in use among the ancients in hilly countries, which admitted them; and we also read of loose stones becoming the grave of the party, where it was the duty of every passenger to add one, until the pile became an ample defence against external injuries.—Historians acquaint us, that the like practice prevailed in Scandinavia, and continues yet in use in Spitzbergen, among our seamen, where, from necessity, in so rocky a surface, they roll large stones to defend the bodies of their friends from the ravages of the bear, where they find them, in succeeding years, the mummies of the frost.

Certain it is, that the appropriation of place, for burials, is of great antiquity, more especially for those of dignified order. Thus we find, in an early part of the world, the purchase from Ephron of the cave and field of Machpelah by Abraham for Sarah's Sepulchre, (Gen. chap. 23.) mutually conducted with an address and generosity that would do honour to the politest age of Athens, or the riper days of the 18th century.

Posterior to Abraham's purchase, in the same book, we find that Jacob and Joseph were buried in the allotted places of their ancestors,
the

the latter being embalmed and put in a coffin in Egypt, which, as Pliny relates, the Egyptians made of the fycamore tree.—Rachel had her monumental pillar, as we learn from sacred history; hence also we are informed, that “the bones of Saul and Jonathan were buried in the country of “Benjamin, in Zelah, in the *Sepulchre* of Kish, his father, 2 Sam. chap. 21.”

The Pyramids of Egypt, the purchase of the Potter's Field, the Catacombs at Rome, and the Mausoleums of Metellus, Artemisia, and others, are monuments of the above fact, and proofs of a desire in their respective founders to perpetuate fame, and, as it were, give to unconscious matter the luxury of undisturbed rest.—From this fancy our own Shakspeare was not seemingly exempt, when he ordered the following lines to be inscribed on his tomb:

Good friend, for Jesus sake, forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curs'd be he that moves my bones.

The art of preservation, by mummies and embalming, are equally demonstrative of the desire to be recognised on posthumous occasions; less so the custom of burning the body, where the ashes only were honoured with an urn, though the method might boast of as much purification.—But, here, behold the instability of human opinion, that what was once thought a friendly duty, or a filial act of piety, is now become by law an ignominious sentence.

With us, coffins of wood and consecrated ground are comparatively of modern date, and still more so the local and political formalities of habiting the dead, with all the various rites of funereal worship, too extensive for a detail in this place.—To the above orders of interment, we may add the monuments of remarkable chieftans, in the tumuli or barrows dispersed in this island, and elsewhere, of which the largest is near to Marlborough, the surface of whose base may measure half an acre.

The Church establishment abroad, in not suffering a Protestant to adulterate the soil in which the Papists mix, is truly illiberal, and rendered more contemptible by the example the Protestants shew in admitting them to a participation of place, where all censures cease and controversy expires: But little is to be envied, one species of burial, prevalent abroad in the Roman Churches, which is that of launching the dead into one common receptacle within the Church, in subterraneans formed for the purpose. In this place, however, let me not omit a peculiar refinement which I do not recollect any traveller to have noticed—When visiting the great Church at Pisa in Tuscany, near the leaning Tower, after the guide had shewn us the body of the Church, he carried us into a Cloister much like that belonging to Westminster-Abbey, both as to form and size; the area, swarded over, might be half an acre; then he gravely told us, that interment there was at a very high price. We asked on what account? He replied, that the soil was doubly holy, for that it was fetched from Jerusalem. We smiled, and, without infringing on the pious story, left him in full possession of his reverie.

The veneration paid to the human corpse, by almost all nations, and the latent desire implanted in most minds, that decency may attend the disposal of our last remains, seems to indicate a tacit acknowledgment of an hereafter, however savage, ignorant, or excentric the man might be in life. The Moors in particular, all along the southern coast of the Mediterranean Sea, pay a peculiar regard to their dead; and it was from this principle alone we softened their enmity in taking care of the killed in the several rencounters, which happened between us and them, in Charles the Second's time, when Tangier was in our hands.—The following peculiar instance, though of another cast, will tend to confirm this doctrine.—A friend of mine, who related to me the circumstance, was in the year 1750, at Tripoli, then Surgeon of one of his Britannic Majesty's ships of the line; when the son of the DEY, a person of curiosity, and who had a smattering of chemistry, physic, and surgery, came on board, and after examining many objects, solicited to see the surgeon's instruments, when those appropriated to the trepanning a broken skull, principally caught his eye.—The Moor then wished to see the operation, to which my friend

friend immediately consented, if the other would produce a dead subject; at which proposal the Moor instantly started, and told the Surgeon, that to mutilate the dead was totally contrary to their law, and a crime equal to sacrilege; when at the same time the Englishman believed, had he pushed the matter, that he would have allowed him to fracture the skull of a malefactor or slave for the purpose, which would have been equally opposite to the Christian Law.

But of all the horrid customs existing on the subject of sepulture, surely some of those in India are the most execrable, at which imagination revolts, and the mind wonders how it is possible for the grossest ignorance to adhere to the tenets, or become a convert to them; I mean the Persees funereal rites, in making the stomach of a Vulture their grave, by exposing their dead to be devoured by birds of prey, as is to this hour the practice in India by that bigotted sect. See Ives's Voyage, p. 33, published 1773, where a representation of these horrible funereal altars is given to the public. But for more of these detested customs, from which we turn our eyes, the reader may consult Dr. Hyde de Religione Veterum Persarum.

The Gentoos still continue to burn their dead, whilst others consign them to immersion in the Ganges and other rivers.—So true is the observation, that there is nothing so absurd or ridiculous but what is practised by nations or individuals; nor doth time seem to lessen superstition in Asiatic soil, for religion seems to spring up as anomalous as insects were reported antiently to arise from the mud of the Nile. Near to these loathsome spectacles of the dead, on the Malabar Coast, is always placed a centinel, within a small distance, that none may approach too near, lest they might disturb the birds at their prey; but all Europeans abhor the place, says Dr. Hyde, from its cadaverous stench and the miserable spectacle it exhibits.

On reading these accounts, it reminded me of the more enviable mausoleum of an Emmet once in my possession, wrapt up in an un mutilated state, within a piece of very transparent amber; thus dying in character, consulting glory and œconomy to the last.—*Consider her ways and be wise.*

After all, it seems neither the gorgeous nor the neglected ceremony that comports with philosophy: The first is an absolute burlesque upon mortality, and seldom fails in the end to turn the solemn obsequies into plunder and riot: The last is a seeming suppression of the tender calls of duty and benevolence; and methinks 'it is enough that the affectionate relatives taste the cup of woe at home, without sharpening affliction with an attendance to the grave.

Though an enemy to false decorations, the slightest taste cannot but approve lapidary history, or the more exalted insignia of polished sculpture, to commemorate the life and actions of departed friends.—By such arts life is polished, and happiness more disseminated; by such arts gratitude pays her debt in lasting memorials, and fills the measure of deserving respect, in a style that does not soon perish, and gratifies every eye.

What is already mentioned, alludes chiefly to modern remarks; but concerning more on this subject, the inquisitive reader will be farther gratified in Stillingfleet's *Origines Sacræ*, and with a plentiful harvest of classical references, both in the Grecian and Roman ages, in the animadversions of Joannes Nardius, at the end of Creech's *Lucretius*.

A N E P I T A P H.

HERE late in jocund mood gay Dorax * stray'd,
 In Humour's field with every tint array'd;
 A tiffu'd texture of the brightest dye,
 A mental prism varying with the sky.
 Dorax, whom wond'ring crowds agreed to be,
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome.

* J. B. the person alluded to above died in London suddenly, nearly laughing, 1755, lamented by his intimates, and was a character of so particular a cast, that we presume an attempt to sketch it will not be unacceptable, although an intellectual clue that was not easily unravelled.

His

His stature ranked rather with the low than the gigantic size. He had naturally an arch smile that bespoke satyr, in which he was no mean proficient.—He had a lively imagination with a correct judgment, was a valuable counsellor, when not warped by interest or collateral attachments, and yet venality or avarice were not his prevailing qualities.—He knew mankind, and soon discovered their accessible side. He could flatter their passions or address their reason with an apt and calm dexterity.—His wit was poignant, but in general it was bestowed upon the absent and the great: Those present, indeed, received his shafts, but he chiefly aimed them at the vain and the dull, when he sometimes verged towards giving the audience pain.—He was adroit in contrivance, either at disconcerting or attaining measures; saw the connection and dependence of things, and hence was qualified to act the useful or sinister part, to assert with confidence or recede with grace; a genius which would have equally suited the upright statesman, or a plotting Machiavel.

He had friendships, but they were of the equivocal kind, and leagues of interest were what he well understood, which he was quick in suggesting, happy in accomplishing. He was acute in every transaction, had a spirit with œconomy, was a friend to order, and enjoyed it.—Stoical in sickness, petulant in health; but the peevish part his dependents chiefly shared. He had a voluble elocution, which was both entertaining and pertinent, for whilst he spoke, you rather feared than wished a conclusion.—He had religion, but it was that of nature; he derided her dress, and would expose her naked.—The picture which he approved, or rather drew, better suited the closet than the frequented part; the solitary man, than the parent; for his kindred and family were infected by it.

He had faith with infidelity, was stern and complying, as it suited occasions; amorous with conduct, and friendly without affection.—If of any class, or that a mixture of Subtlety, Freethinking, Religion, and Morality would characterize an order, he was truly a heteroclitical Unique. In short, he was that uninvestigable character that one wishes to know, because so agreeably perplexed; a Being with all the variety of a group; or rather one, who, in a collection of drolls, would have appeared the principal figure.

T H E E N D.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

From its first settlement in 1630 to the present time. By SAMUEL JOHNSON, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. In two Volumes. The first Volume contains the History from 1630 to 1780. The second Volume contains the History from 1780 to the present time. With a Plan of the City, and a List of the Governors and Magistrates. Printed by S. KNEELAND, at the Sign of the Anchor, in the Strand, 1790.

The City of Boston, situated on a neck of land between the harbor and the bay, is one of the most beautiful and fertile in the world. It is the seat of a large and flourishing trade, and is the most important city in the New England. The city is divided into several wards, and is governed by a Mayor and a Council. The city is the seat of a large and flourishing trade, and is the most important city in the New England. The city is divided into several wards, and is governed by a Mayor and a Council. The city is the seat of a large and flourishing trade, and is the most important city in the New England. The city is divided into several wards, and is governed by a Mayor and a Council.